THE DAILY SHORT STORY

"'Varney, the modern Midas.' That's what the fellow writing in the 'Dispatch' calls him. I don't know who Midas was. I guess I don't read the Bible as close as I should. But I should judge that he must have been pretty well off if he was anything like this George Varney."

It was John Varney who spoke, a third, or fourth cousin of the Varney who had Midas's touch of gold. John had not prospered so. The Varney industry he had inherited as generously as George Varney, but with it a combination of shortsightedness and over-confidence that resulted in what John called "plumb bad luck." Now at fifty a season's bad crops had brought him face to face with the grim fact that after he had paid interest on his mortgage he would have to approach the winter and its needs with exactly $50 ahead.

Undoubtedly something had to be done and that without delay.

"If I was a mite younger I'd go up to the city and see this cousin George," John Varney told his daughter Lucy. "Seems as if any one that can make money so fast as he can ought to be able to show me how to get a little, too. If I had a son, now, I'd send him up there and get him to introduce himself as a kin of his and learn the game. I'd——"

"I'm sorry," said Lucy, as if she felt somehow her father blamed her for being a girl. "I'm sorry that I didn't go to normal and get a teacher's license so I should have been able to bring in real money. But somehow it always seemed I was needed at home."

"Don't fret about that," broke in the father. "It wasn't your fault. Your mother and I always thought it was nice to see a girl kept at home, learning how to keep house, helping her own mother. That was my idea and I wouldn't have it otherwise."

The next day Lucy Varney surprised her father and mother into speechlessness when she appeared at breakfast in her blue serge suit and her neat "best" hat. She was ready, she said, to go up to the city. She was going to see George Varney—not to beg money, but to get him to show her how to earn it. The city lay 200 miles away and Lucy intended defraying the expenses by money she had earned and saved from taking magazine subscriptions among the farmers in the county. This would only be enough to take her to the city. She wouldn't come home until she had earned enough to pay her trip back and to tide over for the winter. So positive was she that this was the only thing to do that her parents acquiesced before they had had time to take in the situation completely. Neither father nor mother nor Lucy had ever been to the city. If Lucy had announced her intention of going to China or the South Sea isles they could hardly have been more surprised.

Lucy waited at the office of the great money maker, George Varney, for two hours, and it was finally only the magic name of Varney on her printed card that she presented to the receiving clerk that secured for her an interview with Mr. Varney's private secretary. Three days later, after considerable insisting and promises not to keep Mr. Varney more than five minutes at the most, Lucy was granted an interview. She was made to understand that it was only because of her claim to relationship that such a privilege had been awarded.

Varney of the Midas touch rather enjoyed having his employes regard him as slightly eccentric—eccentric in a distinguished way. This reputation gave him privileges as to abruptness and unexpected decisions that might have been disputed in a man not so generally expected to act in an original manner.

"You mustn't be offended," warned the private secretary, ushering Lucy into Mr. Varney's room, "if he is abrupt with you. Remember you have asked for this interview, and you must take the consequences."

So Lucy was in a measure prepared. She told her story simply and directly to Varney, so much interested in making it quite clear that neither she nor her father was asking for a gift or a loan, but only for an opportunity to earn the money needed, that she did not notice how closely the eccentric man scrutinized her, drawing his conclusions with the analysis of a detective.

"What are you trained to do?" asked Varney.

"Nothing," said Lucy.

"That is bad. Isn't there anything you do well?"

"I can cook and keep house; I believe I can make as good cake and pie and bread as any one in the country. I have taken first prizes at county fairs. You see, I never had a chance to go to normal school, but I could——"

"Stop talking," said George Varney. "I'm just opening my country place upstate a ways. We need a cook. You can cook. I'll give you a hundred dollars a month. A train leaves at noon. Go out now, and come back in half an hour. I'll have a letter to the housekeeper and a month's salary in advance and enough more to buy your ticket." Mr. Varney rose, indicating that the interview was over.

Lucy rose, but stood a moment. "But I thought you'd give me work in the office," she protested meekly enough. "You see——"

"You didn't think green office help was worth more than $25 a week did you?"

"Oh, no," assured Lucy. "I'd begin for almost nothing. But——"

"You came asking me to show you how to earn money, and you tell me you know how to cook, but you don't know much else. I'm giving you a chance to earn money doing the thing you're trained to do. Do you accept my proposition, or not?"

Lucy blinked hard for a second, swallowed hard, and said, "Yes."

As she boarded the northbound train a few hours later Lucy felt no regrets, only surprise. No one in her family had ever worked as a servant, but after all she and her mother had spent a good share of their time in the kitchen, and the hundred dollars a month would be clear gain. The amount she would be able to send home every month quite surpassed her expectations.

The household at the Varney mountain home consisted of the housekeeper and five or six servants. Mr. George Varney, Jr., was the only member of the family who remained at home during the week. Every Friday night the senior Varney came to remain until Monday morning. Often he had business associates with him. The dishes Lucy prepared delighted the Varneys, father and son, as much as they surprised the servants. So she made no attempt to fathom the unfamiliar mysteries of a master chef's cookbook that the housekeeper gave her, which, said she, would show her how to make the sort of things "rich folk were accustomed to." Instead of aspics and roulades and canapes and curries Lucy made doughnuts and layer cakes, feather-light bread, berry pies, dumpling stews—dishes on which the Varneys for generations had thrived.

The junior Varney, though he seemed to be on the best terms with his father, was cast in a different mold. In his university days he had become engrossed in the study of sociology and economics. Flatly refusing to turn his knowledge and keen intellect to account in money making, he had accepted a post as professor in his university and was spending his first vacation in the preparation of his master's thesis. Though he was something of a dreamer, Lucy soon discovered that he was no idler. When she went quietly below stairs before the other servants at 5 o'clock in the morning to prepare hot bread for the early breakfast young Varney was always at work in his study.

At the end of two months Lucy and George Varney, Jr., had become the best of friends. By the end of the summer friendship had gradually matured into love. Lucy was engaged to the son of the Varney with the Midas touch.

The Saturday following the plighting of their troth the senior Varney appeared in the kitchen when Lucy was preparing breakfast.

He patted her on the back and then seized both her hands, though they were floury from some biscuits just under way.

"It was exactly my idea," he told her. "I wanted George to marry. George has a brilliant mind and a brilliant future. I don't quarrel with him over his choice of a career—but he'd got a lot of fool ideas in college. I knew he'd never marry any of the girls he's met. He's just enough of a socialist and a dreamer to steer clear of that sort of an alliance. So when you came in that morning I spotted you at once as the girl he'd select if he had a chance to find you for himself. If he found you working in the kitchen all the better."

"But how in the world did you decide it all so quickly?"

The elder Varney laughed. "The Varneys never were slow," he said. "By the way, it only took you two winks to decide to accept my offer."

(Copyright, 1922.)

WILL MEET TONIGHT.

The monthly business and social meeting of the Every-Sunday Bible Class of the First Baptist Church will be held at 8 o'clock tonight at the church.

Violin lessons at eight cents each are available at one London school.

Nearly 1000 American towns have been namd after towns in England.

Baring The Soul of the Flapper

ZOE BECKLEY

Could you talk with a flapper—with that much-discussed and much misunderstood girl who has shocked staid respectability with her petting parties and pocket-flask?

She uses new words. Men are classified as "wallies," "turps" and "finale hoppers."

You will understand the flapper after reading Zoe Beckley's brilliant serial of those young members of the restless sex who are in open revolt against convention.

The query, "what are girls coming to?" is answered in

"ENTER THE FLAPPER"
By Zoe Beckley

Don't miss the first installment in

THE WEST VIRGINIAN
Monday July 24

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Phil Frog Takes Revenge on Dave Duck

"Will you?" he asked anxiously.

Phil Frog had a busy time of it. He was the best-natured person you'd ever meet and yet he had more enemies than a fish has scales.

Oscar Owl made Phil jump a yard every time he went "Whooo!"

Marty Mink gave Phil a cold chill every time his shadow fell on the still waters of Lily Pond.

And Cob Coon and Phil couldn't live in the same house.

But the one Phil dreaded most was Dave Duck.

Oscar and Marty and Cob could only make Phil's life miserable on dry land (although Marty was a pretty good swimmer), but Dave Duck could chase him on land and water and even under the water.

Phil hid under his lily-pad house and watched Davy's yellow feet pushing about on top of the water.

Push, push, paddle, paddle! went Davy's feet overhead until Phil could stand the sight of them no longer. One could never tell when both feet were going to kick up into the air, and Davy's yellow bill suddenly take their place under the water. One snap and that would be the end of Mr. Frog.

One day Phil had an idea. He hopped in among the slime and weeds where Poky Pickerel lived and whispered something into Poke's ear.

"Will you?" he asked anxiously.

"Sure!" said Poke obligingly.

By and by Davy came along, somersaulting and snapping up things and gobbling them down again. He didn't see Poky right under him.

Suddenly something else snapped. It was Poke Pickerel's jaws this time and they snapped on Davy Duck's foot.

Davy honked and quacked and made a terrible racket. At last he got away, but he left a bit of his yellow foot in Poke's sharp teeth.

He had to go to Dr. Snuffles' house right away and get it patched up. He had an awful bill—not the one he ate with either.

(To Be Continued.)

What to Serve Sunday Dinner Guests in Summer

By Bertha E. Shapleigh

Cooking Authority for NEA Service and Columbia University.

To every housekeeper and cook once a week comes the question of what to have for Sunday night supper, especially when guests are coming.

In winter there must be one dish which will be satisfying and hot. In summer what will be satisfying and cool is the question.

The cook must be considered also and it is always wise to have those dishes which to a large extent may be made on Saturday.

Cold meat, cold cooked eggs, molded meat, fish, vegetables and fruit all offer suggestions.

Sandwiches and desserts, as custards or jellies, which may be made ahead of time and served with little trouble are all good to have.

Following are a few suggested menus:

I
Cold Ham with Potato Salad
Plain Bread and Butter
Cut-up Fruit (served in glasses)
Cake Iced Tea

II
Sandwiches
(One with meat or egg, one sweet or plain)
Iced Cocoa with Beaten Cream
Cake

III
Stuffed Eggs with Tomato and Lettuce
Baking Powder Biscuits, hot
Cookies Tea

IV
Molded Fruit Salad
Cream Cheese Sandwiches
Layer Cake Tea or Coffee

V
Hot Chicken Sandwiches
Olives or Pickles
Cold Coffee Souffle
Wafers Tea

In the first menu the cut up fruit is very good and uses up a small amount of fruit as one banana or one orange, or half a melon, which have been left.

Also any canned or preserved fruit left over, or a few strawberries all may be mixed together and sprinkled with sugar. Half a cup of Loganberry juice or ginger ale, improves the taste.

Allow the fruit to stand in a cold places and at serving time put in glasses and on top of each a spoonful of beaten cream.

Iced tea and coffee are best when made fresh and poured hot over the ice. Cocoa, however, is not improved by being served that way.

Make the cocoa several hours before serving and let it become cold, then serve with ice if necessary and beaten creamon top of each glass.

(Copyright, 1922.)

WORTHINGTON

Davis Funeral

Funreal services were held over the remains of Beryl Sands Davis at 1:30 Wednesday afternoon in the Methodist Protestant Church of Worthington, the Rev. C. C. Lawson of the First Methodist Protestant Church of Fairmont officiating. A large crowd was present to pay its last respects to the young man, who had at one time been a resident of the town. A quartet sang "Abide With Me," "He's Gone," and "Nearer My God to Thee." At 2:35 a special car, following the regular car, took the funeral party to Enterprise where interment was made in the I. O. O. F. Cemetery beside the body of his father, Claude L. Davis.

New Confectionery

Waldren E. Leonard who has leased one of the rooms in the Scrivo Building on Main street, opened a confectionery and soft drink establishment there this morning.

Head-on Collision

A Ford truck driven by Louie Kudrak of Four States, and a large Dodge touring car driven by Carl Robison, met in a head-on collision at the corner of the First National Bank Building Monday evening. Those who witnessed the accident say the drive of the Ford was at fault as he was on the wrong side of the street and was driving very fast. The front end of the truck was badly damaged but the Dodge car suffered very little.

Personals

Among those from a distance who were here to attend the Davis funeral were James Hamilton of Farmington, H. T. Jones of Fairmont, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Bock, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Davis of Jayenne, Mrs. A. R. Varner and Wm. Hassler of Edgemont, Mr. and Mrs. Will Downs of Farmington and R. L. Messenger of Bridgeport.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lake and daughter Helen of Edgemont were visitors here Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. J. Dent of Fairmont visited friends here this week.

M. H. Shumway of the firm of Rogers & Shumway of Portsmouth, Ohio, is a business visitor here this week.

Edward Ford of Portsmouth, Ohio, arrived here Tuesday and will be employed at Fairmont in installing the intake for which the Rogers & Shumway Co. received the contract recently.

Claude M. Rogers left Tuesday night for North Carolina on a business trip in connection with the work of his company.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. G. H. Howell left last week on an extended touring trip taking in Wheeling, Columbus, Cleveland, Niagara Falls, Toronto and Ontario. They will return by the way of the Eastern cities.

Frank Saunders of Farmington was a recent caller here.

John L. Wells and J. D. Furbee of Glover Gap were here Tuesday.

Visiting Relatives

Mrs. Okey E. Bimmer and daughter, Lenore, left for Saint Mary's, Pleasant County, Wednesday for a month's visit with the former's parents and other relatives in that section.

Th egreyhound is one of the oldest types of dogs.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS — It Makes a Difference Who Uses Them — BY ALLMAN